

No. 3 10c  
WINTER

# LITTLE AL OF THE SECRET SERVICE



The Secret of the  
Blinking Lights  
**OPERATION  
EMPIRE STATE**



**Gypsy Intrigue**

**CLEAR AS CRYSTAL**

**Little Al Behind The Iron Curtain**

**TIMKO'S WOLFHOUSES**





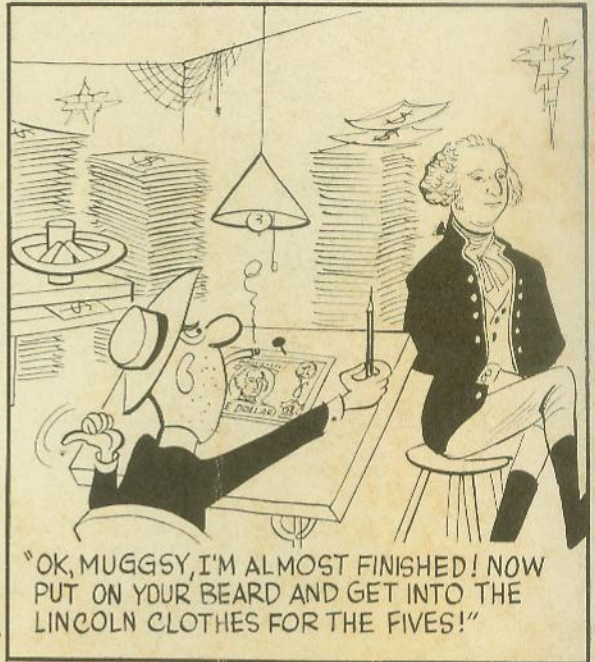
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# COUNTERFEIT CAPERS



"G'WAN-SCRAM! WHAT D'YA THINK—MONEY GROWS ON TREES?"



"OK, MUGGSY, I'M ALMOST FINISHED! NOW PUT ON YOUR BEARD AND GET INTO THE LINCOLN CLOTHES FOR THE FIVES!"



"YEAH? WHAT MAKES YOU THINK WE'RE BEING FOLLOWED?"



"DON'T RING? WHAT D'YA WANT FOR TWO-BITS-CHIMES?"

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# LITTLE AL

## OF THE SECRET SERVICE

### in **TIMKO'S WOLFHOOUNDS!**

AGAINST THE DEADLY SHADOWS OF UNDECLARED WAR, WITH RESISTANCE MOUNTING STEADILY AGAINST THE RED AGRESSORS, AMERICAN CRACK SECRET SERVICE AGENT, **LITTLE AL**, ENTERS A WORLD WHERE INTRIGUE, VIOLENCE AND MURDER ARE THE ORDERS OF THE DAY. MUSTERING ALL OF HIS COURAGE AND QUICK WIT, THE INTREPID AGENT FACES HIS GREATEST ANTAGONIST WHEN HE COMES FACE TO FACE WITH... **TIMKO'S WOLFHOOUNDS!**



**Called in** BY THEIR CHIEF AT SECRET SERVICE HEAD-QUARTERS, **LITTLE AL** AND HIS SIDE-KICK, **OX COLLINS**, RECEIVE FINAL INSTRUCTIONS ON THEIR NEW ASSIGNMENT...







**A** WEEK LATER A HUGE TRANSPORT LANDS AT THE ISTANBUL AIRPORT, AND SOON THE TWO AGENTS ARE SURROUNDED BY A HOWLING MOB OF TURKISH PORTERS...





A comic book panel showing two men in trench coats and hats from behind, looking at a crowd of people in front of a building with domes. A speech bubble from the crowd says "OUR CREDENTIALS!".

A cartoon illustration of a man in a trench coat sitting at a desk, talking to a man in a hat standing behind him. The man at the desk says, "I HOPE YOU HAVE A PLEASANT STAY, MR. CONWAY!" and the man in the hat replies, "THANK YOU, INSPECTOR! I'M SURE -". The man at the desk is balding with a mustache, wearing a grey trench coat over a dark suit and tie. He is sitting at a large, dark wooden desk. On the desk are some papers and a small black object. A yellow trash can filled with white crumpled paper is on the floor next to the desk. The man standing is wearing a dark blue suit, a brown hat, and brown shoes. He is holding a small white object in his hand. The background is a simple red wall with a yellow bench on the right. The floor is green.

A man in a grey trench coat and tie sits behind a large wooden desk. He is looking at a man in a dark blue suit who is standing and holding a white document. The man in the suit is looking at the document. On the desk, there is a telephone and some papers. A yellow trash can is on the floor next to the desk. The background is a simple room with a red wall and a yellow bench.

A man in a grey trench coat and tie sits behind a large wooden desk. He is looking at a man in a dark blue suit who is standing and holding a white document. The man in the suit is looking at the document. On the desk, there is a telephone and some papers. A yellow trash can is on the floor next to the desk. The background is a simple room with a red wall and a yellow bench.

I'D RATHER  
YOU DIDN'T  
INSPECTOR!  
THE CONTENTS  
OF THE BAG  
AREN'T WORTH  
ALL THE  
TROUBLE!

AS YOU WISH  
EFFENDI!  
BUT I'M  
SHOCKED  
AT THIS RUDE  
WELCOME!  
A THOUSAND  
PARDONS!

I'D RATHER  
YOU DIDN'T  
INSPECTOR!  
THE CONTENTS  
OF THE BAG  
AREN'T WORTH  
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TROUBLE!

AS YOU WISH  
EFFENDI!  
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WELCOME!  
A THOUSAND  
PARDONS!

YOU SEE, TIMKO, I HAVE ACCOMPLISHED YOUR MISSION! THE AMERICAN FOOLS SWALLOWED MY HOOK LIKE THE FISH IN THE SEA!

STOP PRAISING YOURSELF AND TELL BORIS TO BRING IN MY TWO LITTLE PETS! HURRY NOW, OAF!

3

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3



MOMENTS LATER, THE ROOM ECHOES WITH THE BRUTISH HOWLS OF TWO HUGE WOLFHOUNDS...

AHA, MY LITTLE BEAUTIES! COME HERE TO TIMKO! I HAVE A MOST WONDERFUL SURPRISE FOR YOU!



DO YOU SEE, RAFIK? THE SCENT DRIVES THEM WILD WITH FURY! MY LITTLE ONES ARE WELL TRAINED! THEY HATE THE AMERICANS ALMOST AS MUCH AS WE DO!

IT WOULD PLEASE ME MORE IF IT WERE THEIR THROATS INSTEAD OF THEIR SHIRTS!



WE SHALL HAVE THEIR THROATS, TOO! THESE NEW ONES SHALL FAIL JUST AS THE OTHERS DID BEFORE THEM! THEIR MISSION WILL END ONLY IN DEATH!



SEVERAL NIGHTS LATER IN A SMALL CAFE...

WE'VE BEEN AT THIS JOINT THREE NIGHTS RUNNING, AL! WHEN DO WE CALL IT QUITS?

WE DON'T, OK! OUR INTELLIGENCE REPORT SAYS THAT THE MAN CALLED PIPER USES THIS RESTAURANT FOR A CONTACT POINT WHEN HE SLIPS OUT OF RED-OCCUPIED COUNTRIES!



THE FACT THAT WE'VE BEEN SITTING AT THIS TABLE EACH NIGHT, AND ORDERING THE SAME DRINK IS NO ACCIDENT! IT'S A TIP-OFF, TO THE RIGHT PARTY THAT WE'RE ON THEIR SIDE!

EASY, AL—HERE COMES THE WAITRESS!



FOR THREE DAYS NOW YOU DRINK NOTHING BUT TOKAY WINE! IS THERE NO OTHER WINE YOU WOULD LIKE?

WE DRINK TOKAY BECAUSE IT REMINDS US OF OUR FRIENDS ACROSS THE BORDER, AND OF THE OLD DAYS WHEN THEY WERE FREE MEN!





I SEE THAT YOU ARE REAL FRIENDS! THERE IS A NOTE UNDER THE TRAY — DO NOT READ IT UNTIL I HAVE LEFT THE ROOM!



MINUTES LATER, AL AND OX ANXIOUSLY SCAN THE SLIP OF PAPER...

LOOK! A DRAWING OF A PIPE INSTEAD OF A SIGNATURE! IT COULD STAND FOR "PIPER!"



I'LL GO FIRST! YOU FOLLOW IN THREE MINUTES! WE DON'T WANT TO ATTRACT TOO MUCH ATTENTION!

RIGHT, AL! GO AHEAD! GOOD LUCK!



TAKING SLOW STEPS ACROSS THE ROOM, LITTLE AL REACHES THE CURTAINED DOORWAY, AND...

COME IN, PLEASE, AND DRAW THE CURTAINS! QUICKLY!

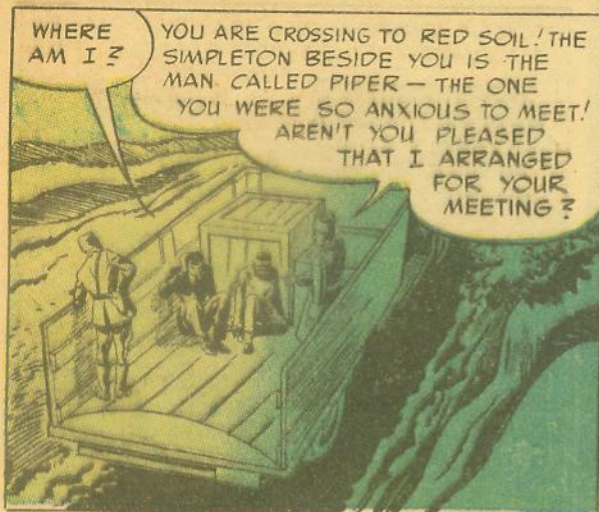


THE NET IS FULL OF FISH, MAXIM! TAKE THIS FOOL OUT THE BACK WAY AND INTO THE TRUCK WITH THE OTHER ONE! WE LEAVE FOR OUR OWN TERRITORY AT ONCE!





AS DAWN APPROACHES, THE SPEEDING TRUCK ROLLS ACROSS THE RED FRONTIER...



THIS STUPID FOOL AND HIS PUNY UNDERGROUND, THOUGHT THEY COULD OUTWIT ME FOREVER! HE'LL SOON LEARN THAT COMMUNIST ESPIONAGE IS SUPERIOR TO CAPITALIST BLUNDERING!



**SILENCE, IDIOT!** YOU ARE MY PRISONER AND BEYOND HELP! EVEN YOUR FELLOW AGENT IN THE CAFÉ HAS BEEN LIQUIDATED! TIMKO DOESN'T MISS A SINGLE DETAIL — NOT A BAG OF LAUNDRY!



BUT ALWAYS WITH A METHOD! THE SCENT OF AN OLD SHIRT WAS ALL MY HOUNDS NEEDED TO TRAIL YOU TO THE CAFÉ! THEY WERE ANNOYED BECAUSE I DID NOT LET THEM CLOSE IN FOR THE KILL — BUT I SHALL NOT DISAPPOINT THEM TOO LONG!



YOU STEPPED RIGHT INTO IT, TIMKO! C'MON, PIPER, LET'S HIT THE ROAD!



AFTER THEM! THEY MUSTN'T GET AWAY!





MINUTES LATER...

WE'VE SHAKEN THEM OFF-- BUT WE'LL HAVE TO HURRY! FORTUNATELY, THERE'S A FARMER NEARBY WHO IS FRIENDLY TO THE UNDERGROUND! WE CAN HIDE THERE FOR A LITTLE WHILE!



STAYING CLOSE TO COVER, THE PAIR FINALLY REACH THE FARMHOUSE. SOME TIME LATER...

I HAVE WRITTEN IT ALL DOWN, MY FRIEND! THIS INFORMATION TELLS YOU THE SIZE OF OUR FORCES, AS WELL AS OUR NEEDS IN ORDER TO CONTINUE OUR FIGHT AGAINST THE RED INVADERS!



YOU'LL GET WHAT YOU NEED, PIPER! THE FREE WORLD STANDS BEHIND YOUR CAUSE!

PIPER! TIMKO IS HERE! WE ARE LOST!



IVAN, TAKE THE DOGS TO THE BACK AND SEARCH THE BARN! THEY MIGHT BE HIDING THERE! I'LL SPEAK TO THE FARMER!

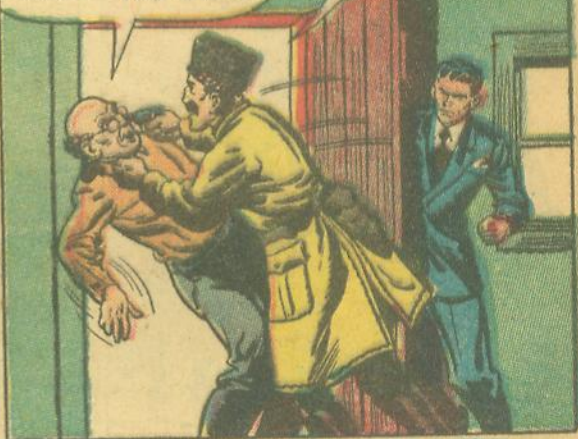
I GO, COMRADE!



MOMENTS LATER...

BUT I HAVE SEEN NO ONE, COMRADE TIMKO -- NO ONE!

YOU LIE, DOG! I KILL YOU FOR LYING TO TIMKO!!



THAT'S ENOUGH OUT OF YOU!



TIMKO'S UNIFORM AND THE CAR OUTSIDE COULD HELP US SCOOT RIGHT ACROSS THE BORDER! I'M GOING TO CHANGE CLOTHES WITH HIM!

GOOD IDEA! I'LL KEEP GUARD OUTSIDE! THE ONE IN THE BARN WILL BE COMING BACK SHORTLY!





A SHORT WHILE LATER...

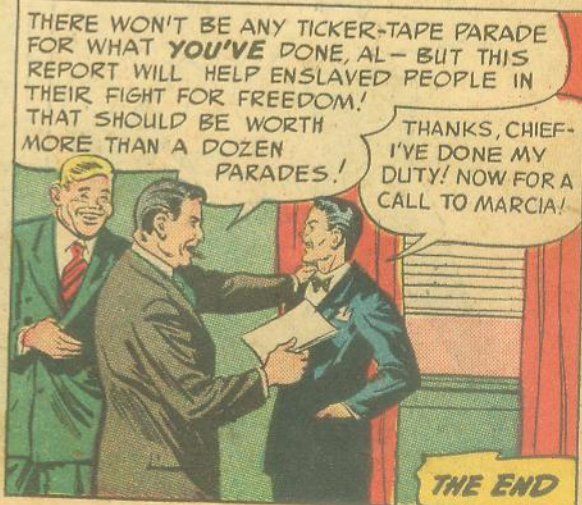
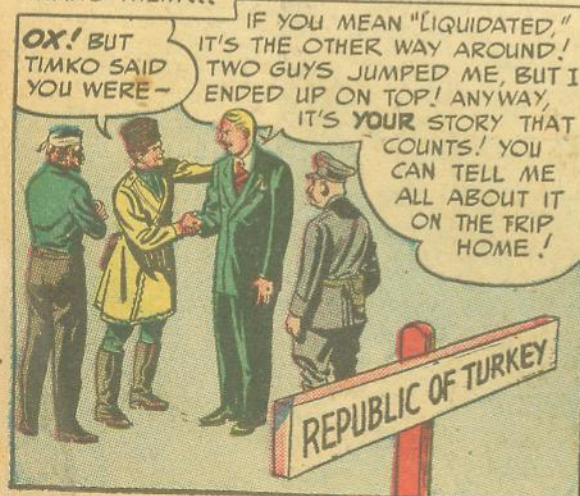


MOMENTS LATER, THE SNARLING BRUTES SLUMP INTO DEATH AS PIPER'S BULLETS FIND THEIR MARK...



UNMOLESTED, THE PAIR SPEEDS BACK TO THE TURKISH BORDER WHERE A HAPPY GROUP AWAITS THEM...

TEN DAYS LATER, WHEN LITTLE AL HANDS IN HIS REPORT TO HIS CHIEF...





# LITTLE AL

## OF THE SECRET SERVICE



WITH A MON-  
STROUS SPY RING  
DETERMINED TO  
STEAL OUR COUN-  
TRY'S MOST SE-  
CRET WEAPON, THE  
SECRET SERVICE  
ASSIGNS ITS ACE  
OPERATORS, **LITTLE  
AL** AND HIS SIDE-  
KICK, **OX COLLINS**  
TO THE CASE.  
IMMEDIATELY  
THE INTREPID  
PAIR PLUNGE  
FEARLESSLY INTO  
A WEIRD MAZE,  
WHERE BAFFLING  
CLUES AND **SUD-  
DEN DEATH** STALK  
THEIR FOOTSTEPS!  
OUR SCENE IS A  
DARK STREET IN AN  
EASTERN CITY. WE  
SEE THE TWO OPERA-  
TORS TRAILING A  
SUSPECT...

MAXON'S HEADING FOR THAT  
RESTAURANT, AL! LET'S  
GET 'IM NOW!

NOT YET, OX!  
BE PATIENT!

RESTAURANT

AL CARRENO

I DON'T GET IT, AL! MAXON  
HOLDS DOWN A CLERK'S JOB  
IN WASHINGTON, AND WE LET  
HIM SNEAK OUT ALL THE  
INFO HE CAN LAY HIS  
DIRTY HANDS ON!  
WHY?

BECAUSE WE  
WANT HIM TO  
LEAD US TO  
THE BRAINS  
BEHIND THIS RING!  
BESIDES, THE INFO HE'S  
BEEN STEALING LATELY  
IS FAKE, ONLY MAXON  
DOESN'T KNOW IT!

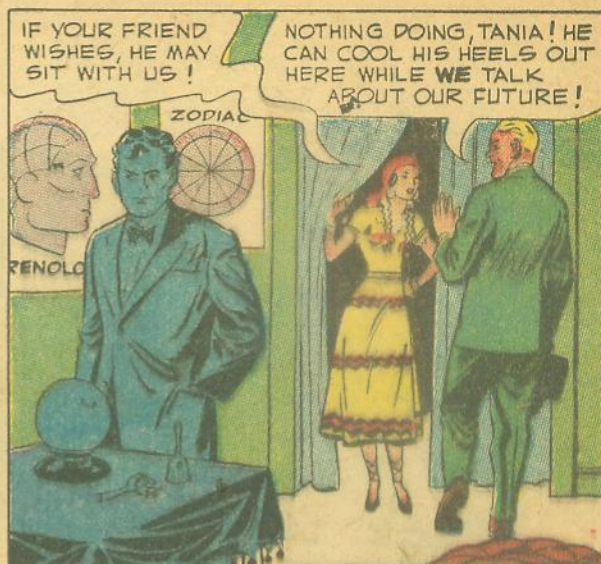
WE KNOW THE SPY RING IS AFTER THE ARMY'S  
NEW ATOMIC ARTILLERY SHELL! WE ALSO  
KNOW THAT MAXON'S BEEN PASSING INFO  
ALONG--BUT **HOW** HE DOES IT AND TO **WHOM**  
HE PASSES IT, IS  
WHAT WE'VE GOT  
TO FIND OUT!

C'MON, AL--LET'S GIVE  
THAT JOINT A GOING  
OVER!









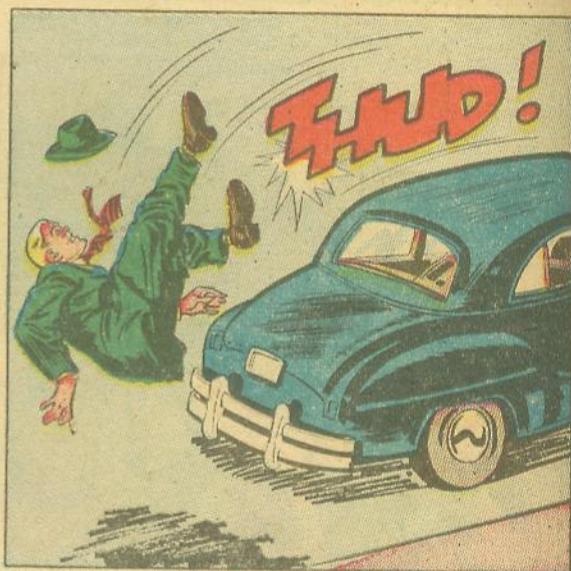
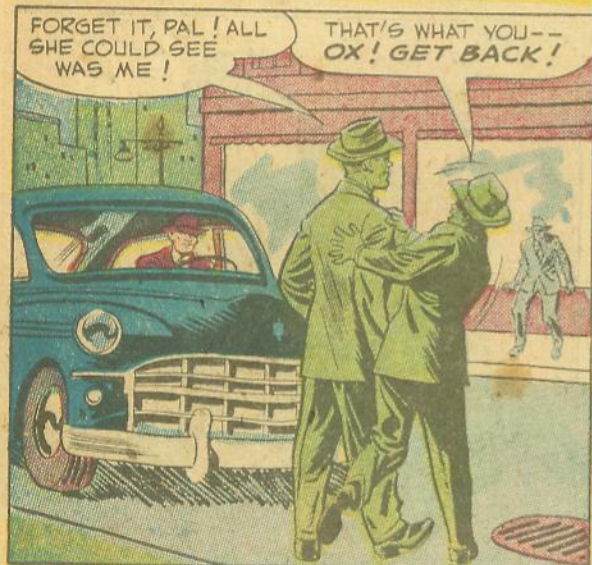
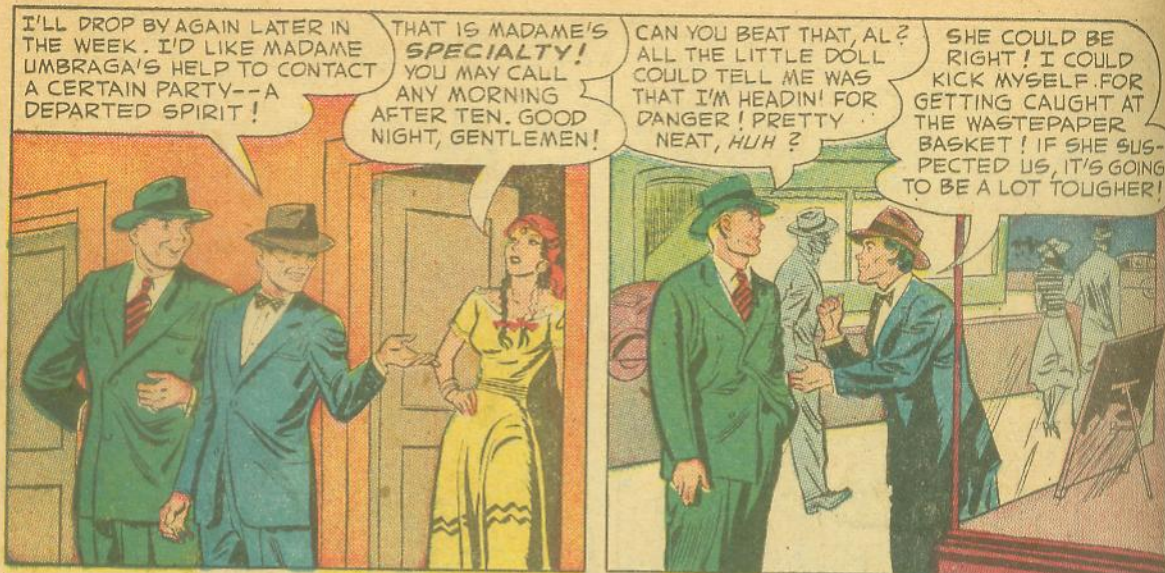
ALONE IN THE WAITING ROOM, AL MAKES A HURRIED SEARCH...



NOW, WHY WOULD MADAME UMBRAGA CUT OUT A REPORT ABOUT A BOAT'S DEPARTURE? HMM! THIS MAY BE THE FIRST REAL LEAD WE'VE RUN INTO!









THE CLIPPING I FOUND IN MADAME UMBRAGA'S APARTMENT MENTIONED AN OIL TANKER CALLED THE "VESPOLE". THE PORT AUTHORITY SAYS IT'S OFF THE JERSEY COAST--ABOUT HERE-- AND FOR REASONS UNKNOWN, IT'S JUST BEEN CRUISING AROUND!

DID YOU TRACE THE OWNERS?

YES, AND IT SMELLS FISHY! THE OWNERS ARE A EUROPEAN EXPORT OUTFIT, BUT IT'S MY GUESS THE "VESPOLE" IS A DODGE FOR THE SPY RING'S REAL ACTIVITIES!

IT ADDS UP TO ME, AL! CRUISING UP AND DOWN THE COAST, THE "VESPOLE" COULD BE GETTING INFORMATION BY WIRELESS!

EXACTLY! THEN OUR JOB NOW IS TO LOCATE THE TRANSMITTER THAT SENDS OUT THE INFORMATION! MADAME UMBRAGA IS OUR BEST LEAD SO FAR, BUT...

HOLD IT, AL! I'VE GOT A BRAINSTORM!

SUPPOSE I TRAIL THIS TANIA GAL! AFTER WHAT HAPPENED LAST NIGHT YOU COULDN'T RISK IT-- BUT I COULD!

GOOD IDEA! BUT DON'T TAKE ANY UNNECESSARY CHANCES, AND PHONE ME THE MINUTE SOMETHING TURNS UP! GET GOING, LINDA, AND GOOD LUCK!

BIG NEWS, AL! I TRAILED TANIA TO A PLACE CALLED THE CONTINENTAL CAFE! MADAME UMBRAGA WORKS THERE AS A FORTUNE TELLER-- AND USES THE OLD CRYSTAL BALL TECHNIQUE!

STAY PUT, KID! I'M ON MY WAY!

SEVERAL HOURS LATER, LINDA PUTS THROUGH A HURRIED CALL--

SOME TIME LATER, AL ARRIVES AT THE CAFE ...

SHE GIVES THE READINGS IN A LITTLE ROOM BEHIND THOSE CURTAINS! SO FAR SHE'S HAD ONLY TWO CUSTOMERS, BUT ONE OF THEM WAS THAT PHONEY WAITER YOU AND OX WERE TRAILING!

THAT'S ENOUGH FOR ME! YOU KEEP AN EYE OUT HERE-- I'M GOING IN TO HAVE MY FORTUNE TOLD!



I'VE BEEN LOOKING FORWARD TO THIS MEETING, MADAME UMBRAGA! YOU'VE BEEN HIGHLY RECOMMENDED!

I TELL ONLY WHAT I SEE IN THE CRYSTAL BALL! BE SEATED, PLEASE!



I SEE YOU ARE A PERSON WITH GREAT CURIOSITY, MY FRIEND, BUT A DANGEROUS ONE! SO DANGEROUS THAT DEATH TRAILS YOU BY ONLY A FEW, BRIEF MOMENTS!



THE MEDDLING FOOL! SEE THAT THE OTHER ONE IS BROUGHT IN HERE IMMEDIATELY!!



SHORT WHILE LATER...

A PITY TANIA SPOTTED YOU ON THE WAY IN! FOR A WHILE YOUR LITTLE PLAN MIGHT HAVE WORKED, BUT

WE'RE NOT IN THIS ALONE UMBRAGA!

NOW IT IS DOOMED!



AL! LOOK OUT!

WHAM!









## A TRUE SECRET SERVICE STORY

# THE GAUNT GUY

**T**HE CLERK assigned to tabulate the serial numbers on worn currency at the Federal Reserve Bank in Chicago did a double-take as he riffled through the stack of bills.

The serial numbers on the old, large-size five dollar bills were identical!

And to make matters worse, they contained *nine* digits instead of the regulation eight!

Now it was the head section clerk who whistled softly as he spread half a dozen samples before him. He reached for a rubber stamp and, in bold red letters, stamped "COUNTERFEIT" across the front and back. He also reached for the phone and called the Chicago office of the Secret Service.

And thus began one of the longest, most intensive manhunts ever launched against a counterfeiter in this country.

Investigators were advised by the recording clerk that the bills had come from an Indianapolis bank. Upon checking there they were gratified to come upon a teller with a good memory.

"Sure I remember this stack of bills and the guy who brought 'em in," he recalled. "He was a tall, gaunt fellow with gold-rimmed glasses and a bony face. I remember it was on a Friday afternoon and a long line of customers at my window was growling because I had to take time out to check the one worn-out fiver that he handed me. But the head teller said it was okay. Then this guy handed me a whole bagful of 'em. Naturally, they all looked alike so the rest were accepted in good faith."

Outside of the fact that the man was gaunt and that he must have been an expert to pull such a job in a bank, the Secret Service sleuths had no other clue to follow that memorable afternoon of October 21, 1938.

Almost immediately the bills were rushed to Washington for laboratory study by the experts of the Treasury's Bureau of Engraving and Printing, and were subjected to exhaustive tests.

The slight irregularities in the highly professional job — six extra shading lines in the upper portion of the "5", a missing white dot in a corner of the border — were flashed to Secret Service bureaus in all parts of the country. Within weeks, they began to catch these same peculiarities in cities in Tennessee, North Carolina, Virginia, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Michigan.

Frank J. Wilson, then chief of the Secret Service, began to worry about the gaunt guy; he was discussed daily in staff conferences.

"Almost four thousand dollars' worth has been passed in thirty days!" Wilson snapped. "In every case there is a report of the same type of individual — a gaunt man who looks like a professor. He's sly as a fox, but we've got to bag him!"

\* \* \*

Despite the Secret Service's all-out alert, the operations of the gaunt guy continued year after year. Sometimes there would be no sign of activity for months. Then the maps would be dotted with new pin-points of activity.

From his pattern of operation, investigators drew two conclusions. First, that the gaunt guy was playing a lone hand, because his handiwork never turned up in underworld circles. Second, that the stores that were victimized were within walking distance of bus terminals, indicating his favorite mode of travel. And all the while he was passing some of the country's most deceptive counterfeit money.

The years went by . . . and still no sign of the gaunt guy. At least there was no trace of him by the time the law could be summoned.

Secret Service chiefs came and went. Chief Wilson retired in 1946 and was replaced by James J. Maloney. In 1948, Maloney became chief coordinator of Treasury Enforcement Agencies, and U. E. Baughman became Secret Service Chief. All three, veteran officials, agreed that the trail of the



elusive gaunt guy was the most discouraging they had ever tried to follow.

By 1950 the case was 12 years old, and the communities in which the gaunt guy had operated read like a Cook's tour . . . from Maine to California and from Florida to Washington, with plenty of stops in between.

A confidential warning issued that year described the passer as being 56 years old, five feet, eleven and one-half inches tall, weighing about one hundred and thirty pounds, with a high receding forehead, a sallow complexion and a large scar on his neck above the collar line.

. . . . .

The latest circular had hardly been posted around the country when word was flashed from Detroit that one of the phony "fivers" had been passed at a branch post office in that city.

Once again Secret Service agents located a postal clerk with a memory for names and faces. Thumbing through a list of money order applications, while the agents held their breath, the clerk suddenly paused and nodded.

"Here is the party to whom the money order was addressed. It's a real estate company in Chicago."

Excited by this break, they rushed to the real estate firm in Chicago.

The manager there had good news.

"We received a money order in the mail this morning from one of our clients. His name is Herman Smith. He does all his business by mail. We never see him. But according to his credit statement he has a photographic studio." The realtor jotted down the client's address.

. . . . .

It was a tense pair of agents that set up watch in obscure spots along the opposite side of the street from the window which read: *Herman Smith—Photographs.*

For two days nothing happened. Could this be another wild goose chase?

On the third night, however, they observed a tall slender man, wearing a gray hat, gray tweed suit and gray herringbone topcoat coming out of the

front door. This gent surely had all the earmarks of the gaunt guy.

The next night they followed him to a movie and took seats in the row behind him. Later they trailed him to the public library where they observed him reading "A History of Ancient Egypt."

They studied this meek little man with the weak chin and the thin lips. Was it possible that this was the sinister fox who had stood the Secret Service on its ear for twelve years?

Next day he returned to his studio with a metal box. The government agents sensed that the time to strike was growing near. That night the lights burned late in the photographic studio. At day-break they saw their suspect leave.

The Secret Service men rushed to the boiler room of the building. For several hours they waded through tons of rubbish in the garbage containers.

As they were about to give up, they discovered a classified advertising section of a Chicago paper that appeared to be soggy. On the inside of page 35 was a partial impression of an ink smear from the plate of a five-dollar bill.

Now they also discovered fragments of blotting paper which, when pieced together, showed the outside dimensions of an engraved plate and contained a small green-ink impression of the border work on a five-dollar bill.

There was no longer a fragment of doubt that this was the gaunt guy!

Exactly on the stroke of 6 o'clock on the evening of March 21, 1950, a tired-looking, haunted man in his mid-fifties slunk into his photographic studio to find three Secret Service agents awaiting him. When he saw the tell-tale newspaper he put his wrists together and waited for the handcuffs to be snapped in place.

"Go ahead, run me in!" he sighed as they took him away. "I'm the loneliest man in the world. At least in the pen I'll have a cellmate to talk to."

Shortly afterward, Hugo Hedin, the gaunt guy, was sentenced to a long term in the penitentiary—proving again that even the cleverest of crooks get caught and must pay the penalty for their misdeeds.

THE END



Here it is fellas! send for it **NOW!**

# THE GREATEST RAILROAD SHOW ON EARTH!



**Fun...Thrills...Action**  
**see special coupon offer!**

**SPECIAL COUPON OFFER**  
**ALL FOR 25¢**

See all the  
Lionel Trains  
and accessories  
in Catalogue

**HEAR Bells...**  
**whistles...**  
**horns...** on  
this railroad  
sound effects  
record.

**TEN**  
**FULL-**  
**COLOR**  
**BILLBOARDS**



This Christmas be one of the many lucky boys to get a set of realistic Lionel Trains. Here's how — start now by getting this thrilling, fun-filled 36-page Lionel catalogue in full color. It's complete with trains, accessories and track layout ideas. Show the trains you want to dad, ma... everybody. Send coupon for catalogue, plus a

5½" double-faced phonograph record\* of steam train and Diesel sound effects. Plus 10 full-color realistic billboards. Do it now, see Lionel Trains — world's finest for over 50 years — in the catalogue, hear them in action on this wonderful record. Write for this big special offer now, or see catalogue at your dealer's.

\*Plays on all 78 RPM phonographs except some fixed spindle or automatic changers.

LIONEL TRAINS, Post Office Box 65,  
Madison Square Station, New York, N. Y.

I enclose 25¢. Please send me special Lionel Train catalogue offer, postage prepaid.

1. The new 36-page full-color Lionel catalogue.
2. The new 5½" double-faced record of whistles, bells, railroad sound effects and Diesel horns.
3. 10 full-color miniature billboards.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

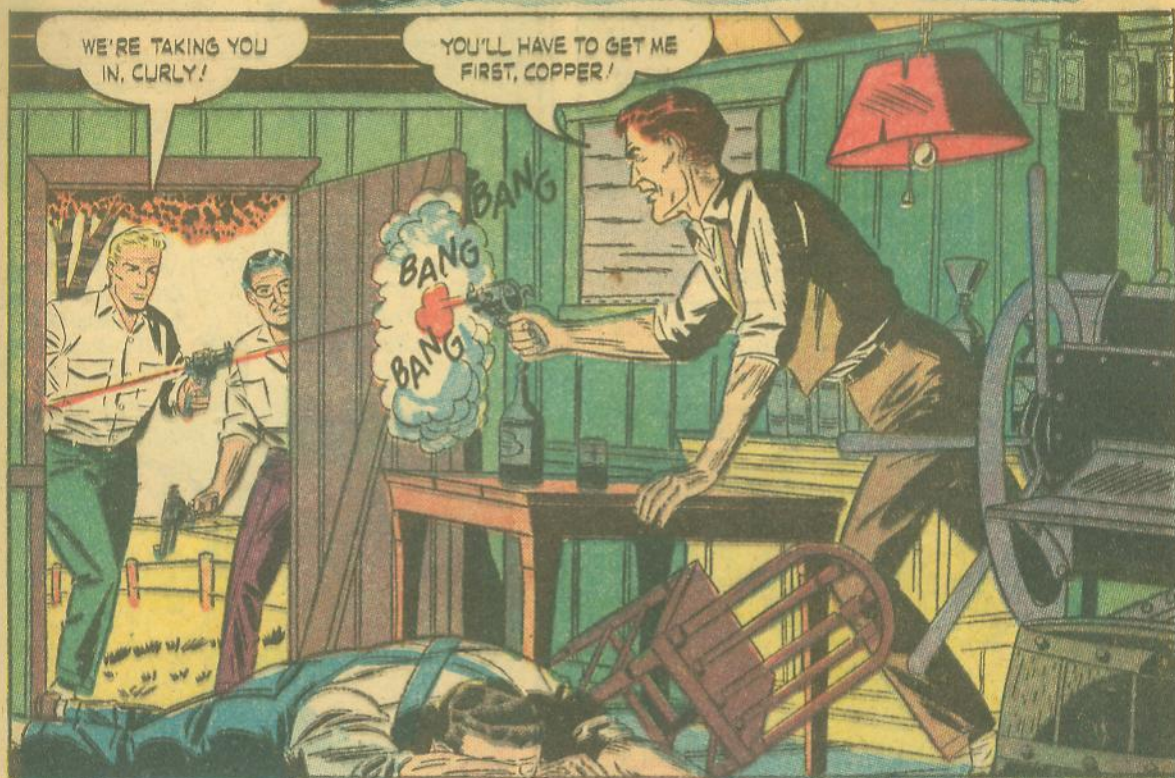
City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_



FROM THE EARLIEST DAYS, CRAFTY AND UNSCRUPULOUS MEN HAVE ATTEMPTED TO COUNTERFEIT OUR NATION'S CURRENCY. SECRET SERVICE RECORDS ARE FULL OF MANY THRILLING CASES, BUT THE MOST UNUSUAL OF ITS KIND IS THE DRAMATIC STORY OF...

# The **CASE** of the **FLOATING FISH**



ON THE AFTERNOON OF AUGUST 4, 1936, A FARMER OF CLARE COUNTY, MICHIGAN, CLOSED A DEAL WITH HENRY J. GIBSON, ALLEGEDLY A CHICAGO BUSINESS MAN...





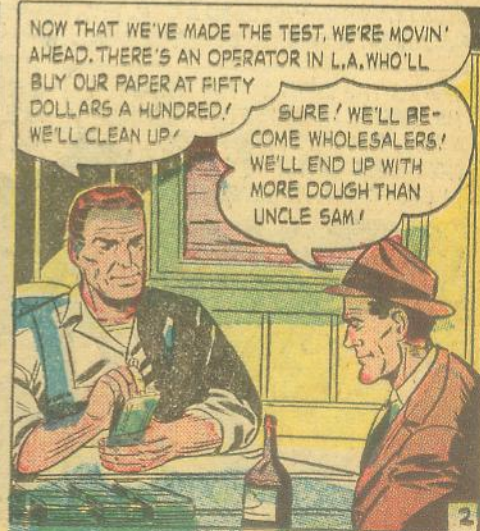


BEFORE A WEEK PASSED, ONE ROOM IN THE TINY FARMHOUSE HAD UNDERGONE A COMPLETE TRANSFORMATION AS THE COUNTERFEITERS WENT ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS. THEN, ON THE NIGHT OF AUGUST 10TH...



GIBSON WAS THE BRAINS OF THE OUTFIT, AND INSISTED THAT CURLY PASS THE BILLS IN DETROIT. IT WAS A "THROW OFF" MANEUVER TO CONCEAL THEIR PRINTING HEADQUARTERS...

AND WHEN CURLY RETURNED TWO DAYS LATER...





DURING THE THREE MONTHS THAT FOLLOWED, THE TINY FARMHOUSE IN CLARE COUNTY BECAME THE MAIN ARTERY FROM WHICH FLOWED THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS IN COUNTERFEIT MONEY. THEN, ONE AFTERNOON, IN THE NEARBY TOWN OF TIDEWATER...



SNAP OUT OF IT, GRANDPA! YOU'LL NEVER MAKE A BUCK SLEEPIN' ON THE JOB!

SAY, WHAT'S THE BIG— OH, IT'S YOU, MR. ADAMS. PLUMB NEAR SCARED ME TO DEATH!

AND A SHORT WHILE LATER, WHEN CURLY'S ORDER WAS FILLED...

HOPE YA DON'T THINK ME CURIOUS, MR. ADAMS, BUT SOME O'THE FOLKS BEEN WONDERIN' WHEN YOU AN' MR. GIBSON ARE GONNA START TO BUILD THAT LODGE. COURSE IT AIN'T MY BUSINESS, BUT...

THEN SHUT YER YAP AN' ADD UP THE GROCERIES!



I-I DIDN'T MEAN TO GET YOU RILED, MR. ADAMS. T-THAT WILL BE \$4.25 EVEN!

STOP CRYIN' AN' TAKE IT OUTA THIS!

JUST FER THAT, THE YOKEL GETS PAID OFF WITH PHONY DOUGH?

TEN DAYS LATER, THE SAME BILL WAS IN THE HANDS OF A SECRET SERVICE AGENT IN WASHINGTON, D.C.



BOYS, I THINK WE'VE GOT A LEAD ON THOSE PHONY FIVES THAT'VE BEEN HITTING THE WEST COAST. EXCEPT THIS ONE TURNED UP IN A BANK IN CLARE COUNTY, MICHIGAN!

THAT'S A LONG WAY FROM L.A., CHIEF!



EXACTLY! THE FACT THAT THIS ONE TURNED UP IN AN ISOLATED SPOT, MIGHT MEAN SOMETHING! ANYWAY, I WANT YOU BOYS TO GO UP THERE AND LOOK THINGS OVER!

OKAY, BRAD! LET'S START PACKING!

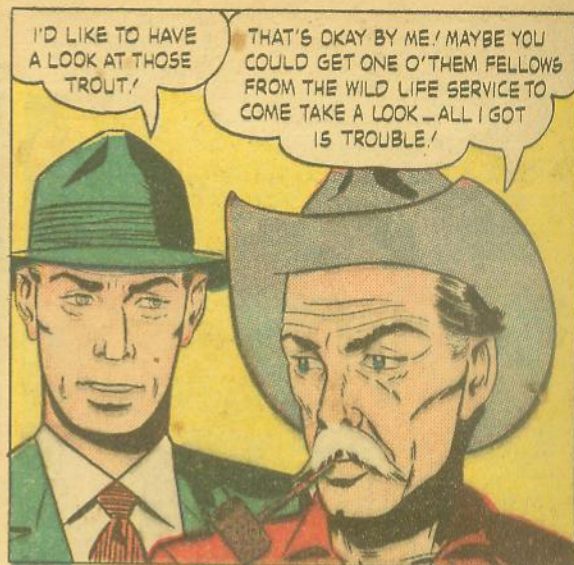
TWO DAYS LATER, SPECIAL INVESTIGATORS, BRAD CORNING AND JEFF SWINSON, PRESENTED THEMSELVES TO SHERIFF PETER VAN NEISLER OF CLARE COUNTY...



HERE ARE OUR CREDENTIALS, SHERIFF. WE'RE HERE TO CHECK ON A COUNTERFEIT BILL THAT TURNED UP IN THIS DISTRICT!

LAND O'GOSHEN! SEEMS I'VE GOT NOTHIN' BUT TROUBLE LATELY!





HALF AN HOUR LATER, THE TWO MEN STOOD BY AS SHERIFF VAN NEISLER WADED INTO A STREAM...



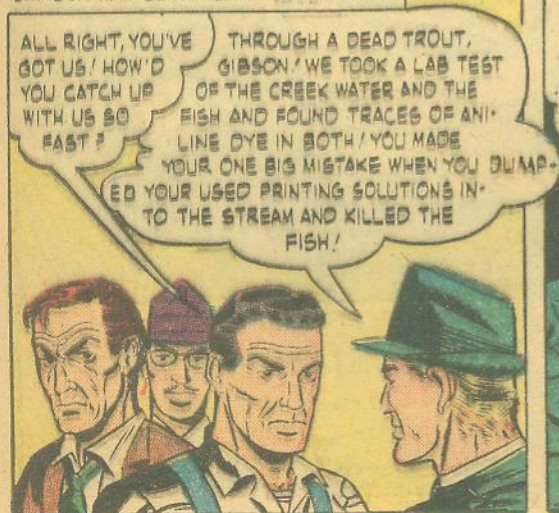
THEN, TWO DAYS LATER, AT THE COUNTERFEITER'S HIDEOUT...







IN QUICK ORDER, SPECIAL AGENTS CORNING AND SWINSON HAD BOTH MEN HANDCUFFED...



GIBSON AND CURLY ADAMS EACH RECEIVED FOURTEEN YEAR PRISON SENTENCES AT HARD LABOR/CONCLUSIVE PROOF THAT EVEN THE SMARTEST FISH GET HOOKED WHEN THEY TANGLE WITH THE SECRET SERVICE!

THE END



You'll Gasp When You Read-See

ISSUE NO. 2  
NOW ON SALE!

# WEIRD

## Thrillers

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Fred McCann traveled into the past—to plunder and rob with modern weapons! How could his sinister career be halted?

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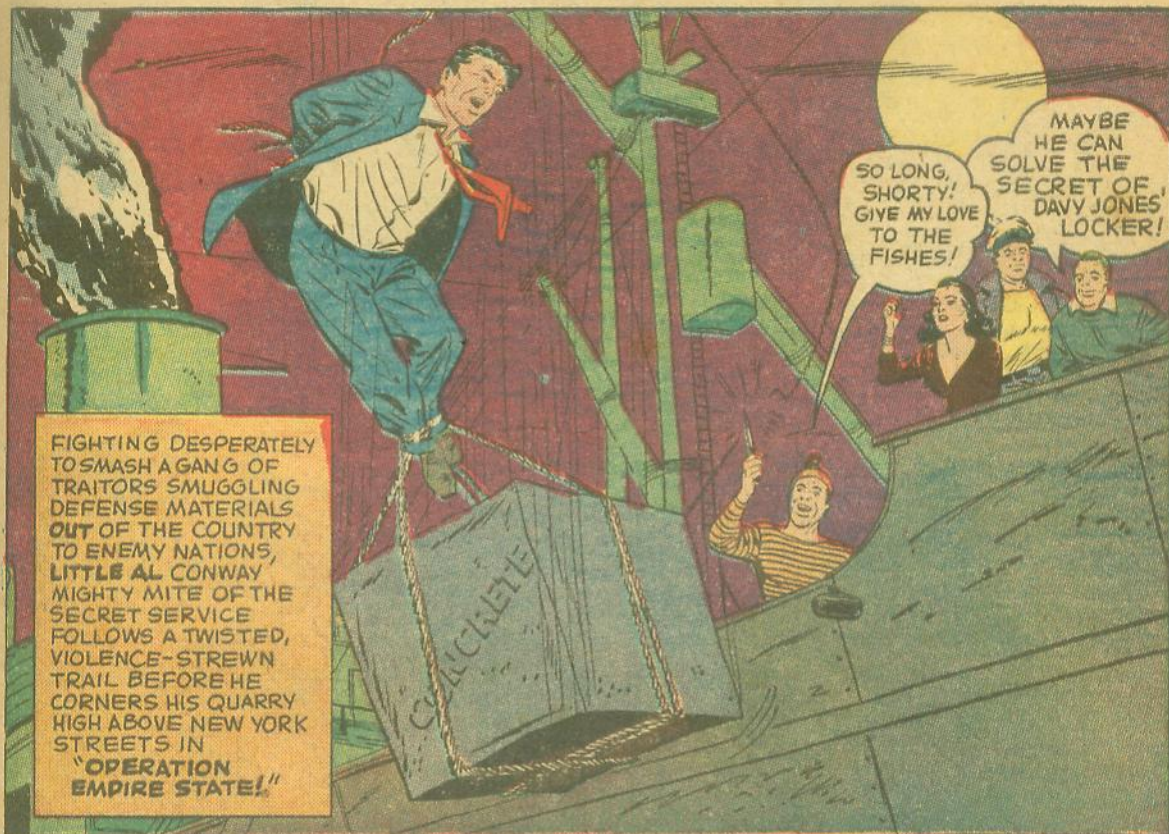
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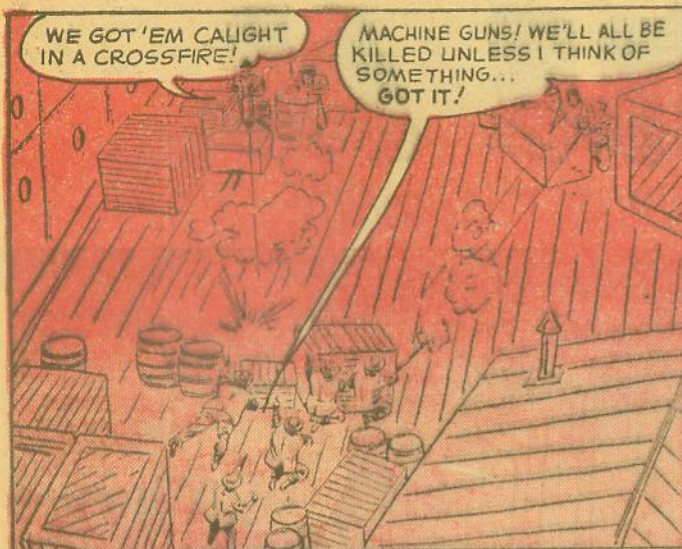


# LITTLE AL

## OF THE SECRET SERVICE







WE GOT 'EM CAUGHT  
IN A CROSSFIRE!

MACHINE GUNS! WE'LL ALL BE  
KILLED UNLESS I THINK OF  
SOMETHING...  
GOT IT!



THE REST OF YOU MEN, TAKE OFF!  
I'M GOING TO DIVERT THEIR ATTENTION!  
MOVE FAST AND KEEP LOW!



WE GIVE  
UP!

STOP  
SHOOTING!

DON'T  
KILL  
US!

COME ON,  
AL! GET OUT  
WHILE YOU CAN!



WHEW, IT'S LUCKY I CAN CHANGE  
MY VOICE TO SOUND LIKE THREE OR  
FOUR DIFFERENT PEOPLE!... GAVE  
THE GUYS A CHANCE TO GET AWAY!

AWRIGHT!  
THROW DOWN  
YOUR  
ARTILLERY!



OKAY, YOUSE  
GUYS, HE FOOLED  
US! THE REST  
OF 'EM ESCAPED!

A VENTRILOQUIST,  
EH? LEMME  
AT HIM! I'LL  
MAKE A  
DUMMY OUT  
OF 'IM!



AW, NUTS!  
THIS GUY  
AIN'T  
EVEN  
FULL SIZE!

THE BOSS WILL MURDER  
US! THE WHOLE SETUP  
IS RUINED! WE GOT TO  
GET UNDERWAY  
BEFORE THIS GUY'S  
SECRET SERVICE  
PALS COME BACK  
WITH REINFORCEMENTS!



TAKE THAT, YA PUNY SNOOP!  
WE'LL FEED YA TO THE WHALES  
WHEN WE GET OUT TO SEA!

UNHHH!



ONE HOUR AND A ROARING HEADACHE LATER.

OH, WHAT A HEAD! WHERE... HMM, I REMEMBER! AND FROM THE ROLL OF THIS BOAT I'D SAY WE'RE OUT IN THE OPEN SEA!



SO HE'S COME TO! THE SOONER WE DUMP HIM OVERBOARD THE BETTER!

HA! THE BOSSES DAME IS A PRETTY ROUGH BABY! LET'S GET THE BLOCK AND TACKLE READY.



SH! I HAD TO KICK YOU TO KEEP FROM AROUSING THEIR SUSPICIONS! HERE, I'M PUTTING THIS GLASS VIAL IN YOUR POCKET. THERE'S A SLIP OF PAPER INSIDE WITH MY NAME AND ADDRESS ON IT!

OH, GREAT! JUST WHAT I NEED! I'LL CALL YOU WHEN I GET TIRED OF TALKING TO THE FISH!



SHH! I'LL CUT THE ROPE ON YOUR WRISTS! YOU TAKE THE KNIFE THEN, BUT KEEP HIDDEN! MAYBE YOU CAN SAVE YOURSELF!

ULPP! WHAT'S THE GAME?



THEY'RE GOING TO HEAVE YOU OVERBOARD WITH A BLOCK OF CONCRETE TIED TO YOUR FEET...

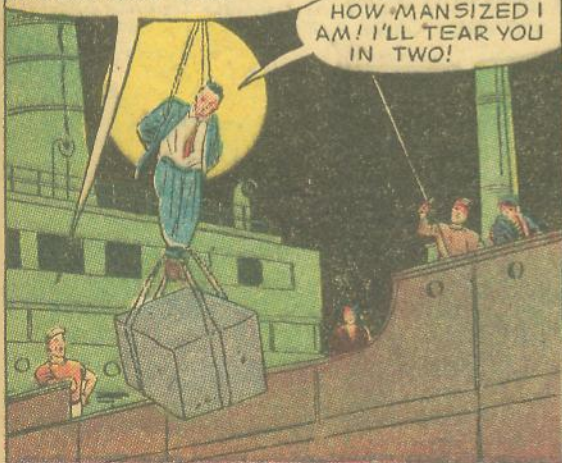
SHH - HERE THEY COME!

THANKS, HONEY. I'LL BE SEEN! YOU I HOPE!



HEY, MAYBE THAT HUNK OF CONCRETE WILL STRETCH HIM OUT MAN SIZE!

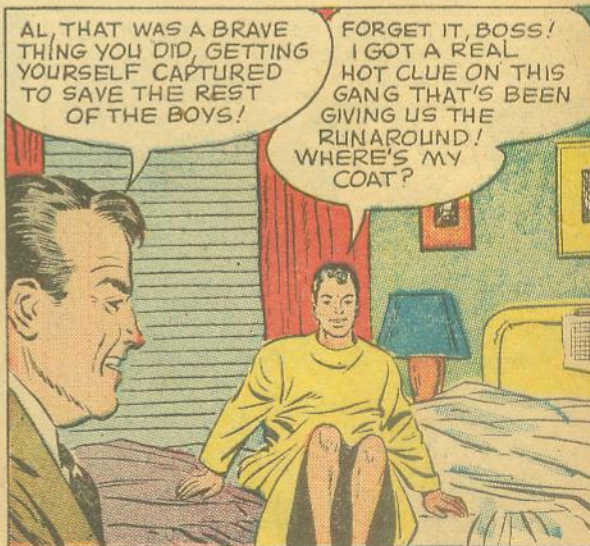
LEMME OUT OF THIS AND I'LL SHOW YOU JUST HOW MANSIZED I AM! I'LL TEAR YOU IN TWO!



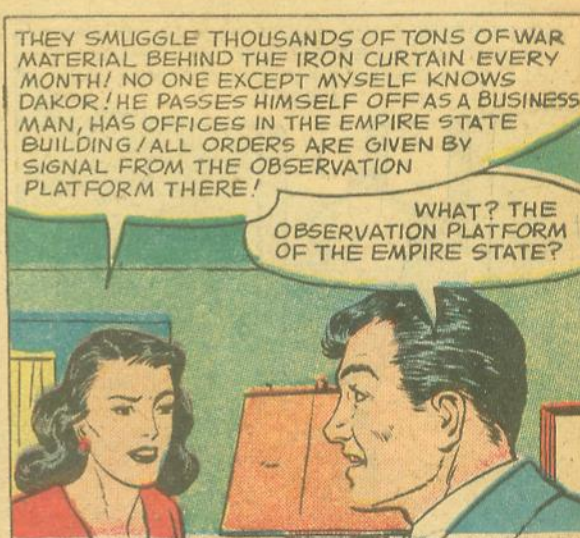
HA-HA! THERE HE GOES! SO LONG, SHORTY!













DAKOR KEEPS IRREGULAR HOURS AT HIS OFFICE TO PREVENT ANYONE FROM LAYING PLANS TO CAPTURE HIM! I HAVE A PLAN, THOUGH! IF YOU CAN GET AN OFFICE NEAR THE EMPIRE STATE, I WILL SIGNAL YOU WHEN HE IS IN THE OFFICE! PLEASE, PLEASE HELP ME! I'M GOING CRAZY!



SEVERAL DAYS LATER IN AN OFFICE BUILDING NEAR THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING...

RITA GOT MY MESSAGE, I KNOW! I WONDER IF DAKOR GOT WISE! IT'S BEEN THREE DAYS NOW AND NOT A SIGNAL FROM THE TOWER!



THAT'S IT! THREE QUICK FLASHES! DAKOR IS IN HIS OFFICE AND SHE'LL WAIT ON THE OBSERVATION PLATFORM FOR ME!



TWO BLOCKS OVER AND A THOUSAND FEET STRAIGHT UP! FEET BE FAST OR DAKOR'S LIABLE TO WONDER WHY RITA'S TAKING SO LONG!



BUT, AT THAT MOMENT IN AN OFFICE IN THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING...

SO, MY AGENTS IN THE WEST HAVE AN ADDITIONAL SHIPMENT OF PLUTONIUM ON THE WAY! AGENT L MUST KNOW AT ONCE! I WILL GO UP TO THE OBSERVATION TOWER AND HAVE RITA SEND THE SIGNAL!



MINUTES LATER ON THE OBSERVATION TOWER...

WHAT'S THIS? SHE IS LOOKING UPTOWN! OUR HEADQUARTERS ARE DOWNTOWN!

JUST IN CASE AL DIDN'T GET THE SIGNAL THE FIRST TIME, I'LL FLASH IT AGAIN!

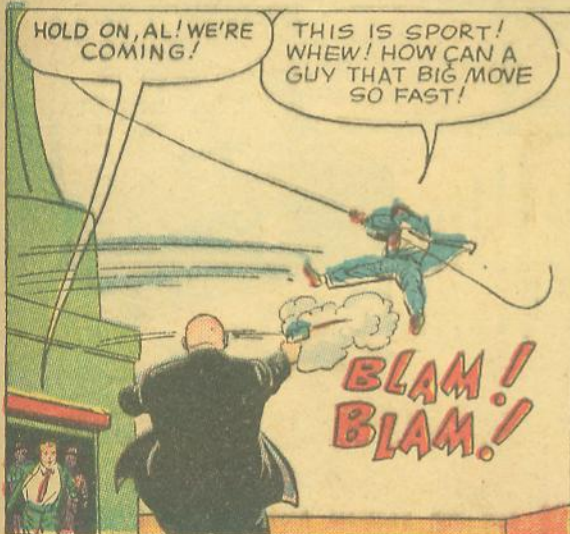


SO! EXPLAIN THIS! TRAITOR, SPY! WHO WERE YOU SIGNALING?

ULPP! LET GO! DAKOR ... I...I...





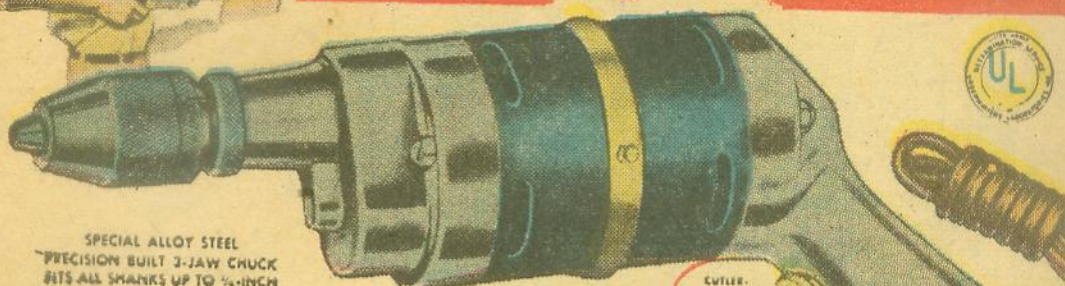






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# SECRET SERVICE SECRETS

**HOW DOES THE SECRET SERVICE GET ITS EVIDENCE AGAINST THE WILY CROOKS IT HAS TO COMBAT? HERE ARE SOME OF ITS METHODS!**

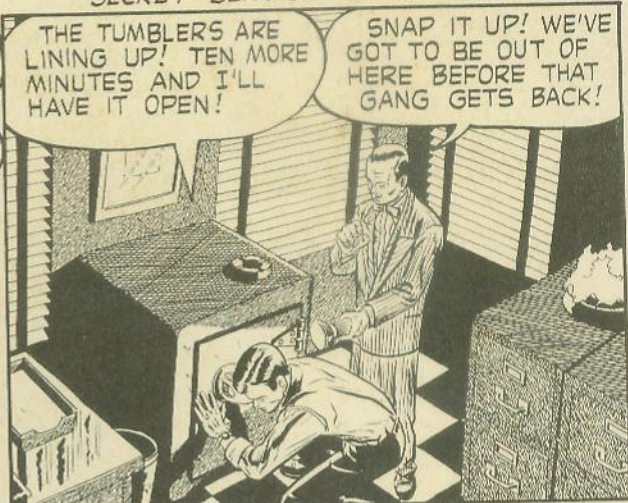
**THE CONTENTS OF OFFICE WASTE BASKETS OFTEN TRAP SUSPECTS.**

**EXPERT SAFE-CRACKERS ARE INCLUDED IN SECRET SERVICE PERSONNEL.**



ED, LOOK! PART OF A CARBON COPY OF A LETTER FROM HARDEN TO BIG AL MOSELEY!

THAT DOES IT! HARDEN DENIED HE'D EVER HEARD OF MOSELEY! THIS PROVES THEY'RE HOOKED TOGETHER IN A COUNTERFEITING RING!



THE TUMBLERS ARE LINING UP! TEN MORE MINUTES AND I'LL HAVE IT OPEN!

SNAP IT UP! WE'VE GOT TO BE OUT OF HERE BEFORE THAT GANG GETS BACK!

**PLANTED MICROPHONES AND WIRE-TAPS ENTRAP THE MOST CAREFUL CRIMINALS...**



I CAN HEAR EVERY WORD HE'S SAYING, AND HE'S REALLY SENDING HIMSELF DOWN THE RIVER!

THE TAPE-RECORDER FROM THE WIRE-TAP IS PUTTING IT ALL DOWN SO WE CAN PLAY IT BACK TO HIM IN COURT!

**LANGUAGE EXPERTS TO TRANSLATE SUSPECTED DOCUMENTS ON THE SPOT ARE ALSO A VITAL PART OF SECRET SERVICE SEARCH TEAMS.**

**SUSPECTS NEVER KNOW THE SECRET SERVICE MEN HAVE ENTERED THEIR PREMISES BECAUSE ONE HIGHLY-TRAINED AGENT IS DETAILED TO WIPE OUT ALL MARKS OF THE ENTRY...**



HENRI, CAN YOU TRANSLATE THIS STUFF IN GREEK RIGHT AWAY?

PUT THEM DOWN SIR! I'VE GOT TO FINISH THIS HUNGARIAN JOB FIRST!



I'LL BE DONE WITH WIPING OUT FINGERPRINTS IN A MINUTE! THEN YOU GO OUT, AND I'LL FINISH BRUSHING THE FLOOR! CAN'T TAKE A CHANCE ON LEAVING FOOTPRINTS EITHER!

THE END



